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Reading Room

THE NORSE KING AND THE BIRD.

A pleasant legend it is and old:

The king 'mong his courtiers sits—
A white-haired Norse is he and bold—
And through his great hall flits,
Suddenly, silently over them all,
A beautiful bird that does not fall,
And its broad wings shine like gold!

Then out again in the tempest dark
The bird as quickly flies,
And ere the group its course can mark
Is lost to their wondering eyes.
The king moves back from the embers' glow,
And his bright eyes a swift glance throw
O'er the board, as he says, "All, hark!

"O counsellors, such is the life of man!
Out of the darkness into light,
Then lost in the blackness and storm again—
Swept into the depths of night!"
And a shadow wide as a mighty wave
Was flung o'er the room and its inmates grave,
And a shudder through many ran.

Then a courtier old, with a saintly face
Made answer and said, "O king,
You have wisely spoke, but forgot, your grace,
What to all is a vital thing!
The beautiful bird has its nest beyond;
There its notes are ever more sweet and fond
Than in any earthly place!"

—George Bancroft Griffith.



THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

That was a just judge who gave Abe Reuf, the San Francisco grafter and briber, the full limit for his offence—fourteen years in the penitentiary. After his confession about a year ago, Reuf talked of devoting his life to reform work in civic and political ways. He is not needed for that. He can best serve the people in the penitentiary for as many years as he can be kept there.

More than one-third of the votes received in California by the national candidates of the Prohibition party were cast in Los Angeles county. The total vote in the state was 11,770 and 4,033 were in Los Angeles county. This was an advance from 2,299 in 1904. Santa Clara county cast the next highest number of votes, 744, advancing from 400 in 1904. San Bernardino stood next with 618, a gain of 199 since 1904. Alameda came next with 600, a gain of 247. Fresno was next in order with 509, a gain of 166. Orange cast 450, a gain of 175. Riverside advanced from 194 in 1904 to 429 in 1908. Sonoma from 118 to 285; Monterey from 111 to 272; Santa Cruz from 191 to 222; San Diego from 152 to 212; Stanislaus from 95 to 315; San Joaquin from 118 to 167; San Luis Obispo from 132 to 153; San Francisco from 334 to 400; Butte from 111 to 199. Sacramento cast 106, which was four less than in 1904. The new county, Imperial, gave 105 votes, Napa 100, Santa Barbara 105, Solano 105, Humboldt 138. In the counties not here mentioned the vote was less than one hundred in each. If this vote represented the temperance sentiment of California we should despair of anything of value against the saloon in the near future. But it does not represent it. There are just as staunch and thorough prohibitionists outside of the party as in, and if we read aright the signs of the times the saloon is to be wiped out in the non-partisan way. Among the things so indicating is the decrease of more than seventeen thousand votes for the national ticket since 1904.

The annual letter of the pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco has a cheery ring despite the difficulties under which the work has been carried on during the last year. Only 380 of the 626 members live in San Francisco; 106 are in Alameda county, 25 in Marin, 9 in San Mateo; 99 are a long distance away and of 7 the addresses are not known. Nevertheless the morning congregations have averaged 256, the evening 150, and the Wednesday evening meetings 38. Twenty-two of the persons present at a recent prayer meeting traveled 63 miles

going and returning. Only 69 of the members live within a circle having a radius of a mile with the church as its center. Every Saturday the Sunday calendars are distributed in fifty hotels located in walking distance of the church, and the results of this advertising are encouraging. The church will close the year without indebtedness. Gradually it is getting back to its former ability to give for benevolent purposes. We quote the closing paragraph of Dr. Adams' letter: "All the churches are suffering from the multiplicity of clubs and organizations of every kind, that take the time and interest of people. Please remember that the church is not a club, and its mission is very different from theirs; they are dealing with practical matters, some of them are of great importance; but the church is dealing with the spiritual nature of those it can influence, and has a mission higher far than any organization that has ever been formed. Unless the spiritual impulse is felt and fostered the practical will begin to suffer; the divine order is love to God, and then flowing from it love to man; that order hasn't yet been successfully reversed. Your church asks you to systematically worship God, and study His message for you; then you will be ready to go out and put in practice what Jesus has taught. Without this the practical work soon becomes mechanical only, and like all things mechanical it wears into the very life."

The members and friends of the Congregational churches at Palermo and Wyandotte were the recipients of a fine New Year letter from their pastor, the Rev. C. C. Cragin. Wishing that the year 1909 might be for each one the best year ever had, Mr. Cragin continued: "Be assured you can make it so. You can grow in nobility of character and in usefulness, and that is the largest success. To have clean hands and a pure heart is to be richer than Croesus. God wants to help you attain to your best possibilities. By sunshine and shower and fertile soil he gives you the golden oranges, and he longs to help you make your lives sweet and fruitful. Put the loving Father to the test, and see what He will do for you. Remember also what you owe to Him. That brainiest of recent American statesmen, Daniel Webster, when asked, 'What is the greatest thought you ever had?' paused a moment, and then answered with deliberation: 'The greatest thought I ever had was my personal responsibility to God.' I want to say something in the interest of good citizenship,—something for the schools and the churches and the homes. Give the children and youth the best chance, and that means good schools, good churches, good homes. It is hard and costly to try to punish by process of law a Ruef and a Schmitz; it is better not to grow any such men. A school life, temperate, loving and happy,—these are needful safeguards for our young people. You appreciate the schools and the homes; you do not all appreciate the churches. But I am sure that if they had a large place in your thoughts and affections, it would mean much for the welfare of the community. They stand for love to God and love to man, and on these two foundations rests the welfare of society." Among the things mentioned in this pastoral letter was Sunday labor, as follows: "I wish there were less of Sunday labor in our fair state. Discontinue it, as far as you can; discourage it; discountenance it. All of us need one day of rest in seven; we need it for health and for victory over evil. 'The Sabbath was made for man;' will you not make the most of it?"

The pages of the January number of the Home Missionary Magazine are devoted largely to the Pacific coast. The editors say: "It is an occasion for heartfelt satisfaction that Congregationalism is so vigorously represented in that

region. In no part of the country are there churches which have grown with greater rapidity, colleges which have more swiftly risen to commanding ranks, or a membership who have more resolutely met the obligations laid upon them. From San Diego to Seattle, Congregationalism is alive and active. Our readers will be interested to know that the two Home Missionary Societies between which California is divided have for some years been self-supporting. They are pushing their work with effectiveness and contributing to the work of the National Society. Last year they headed the list in contributions per capita for denominational home missions. The Washington Home Missionary Society is this year making a vigorous push to raise an aggregate sum which will equal one dollar and thirty cents per capita. On a recent Sunday sixty laymen filled the pulpits of Seattle and vicinity, all talking home missions. With such leadership they will not fail to reach their goal, which is 'self-support' in 1910. Oregon Congregationalism is less developed, but is getting under way. With the prosecution of irrigation projects in the eastern half of the state new communities are forming which will need the Gospel. We need to draw closer together. Our country is vast, but in these days of rapid transit and multiplied means of communication it grows continually smaller. Maine and California are not far apart. Let us cultivate one another in all possible ways. The Home Missionary Society is considering whether it will not be possible to hold its next annual meeting on the Pacific Coast. Should this prove inexpedient the coming year, it can be brought about later. In all our thinking and planning and cooperating let us make much of the bond of prayer, within which all separating distances disappear and the help and support of friends far away is waiting at our doors." The magazine contains an article by the Rev. L. D. Rathbone on "Twenty Five Years' History," and one by the Rev. H. E. Jewett on "Home Missionary Beginnings on the Pacific Coast." The Rev. A. J. Folsom, writes on "The Congregational Outlook in Oregon;" the Rev. Luther R. Dyott on "Commercial Growth a Challenge to the Church;" the Rev. William Horace Day on Congregational Work in Southern California;" 'President Gates on Pomona College; President Penrose on Whitman, President McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary, and Mr. Harwood of Sierra Polytechnic Institute. There are short paragraphs by several others. Advance sheets sent to The Pacific contain nothing as to Washington except the brief mention editorially, which we have quoted and the article concerning Whitman College. Washington doubtless will be given a broadside all by herself sometime.

TWENTY REASONS WHY CALIFORNIA SHOULD HAVE A SUNDAY REST LAW.

Geo. L. Tufts, Ph.D.

Only State Without a Sabbath.

1. Because it is the only State in the Union without a Sunday law. If the other states are right we are wrong. By repealing its Sunday law California withdrew from the Union.

Pagan and a Byword.

2. Because it holds the unenviable distinction of being the only common-wealth among all Christian nations without such a law. In this particular California is pagan and a byword in other states.

Sabbath the Tap-Root of Civilization.

3. Because the material prosperity of the state will be

increased by a weekly rest day. Every nation without a Sabbath is abjectly poor. Lord Macaulay stated on the floor of the House of Commons: "We are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost. Never will I believe that what makes a population stronger and healthier and wiser and better can ultimately make it poorer." Men can do more and better work with a weekly rest day. An eight-hour day and six-day week are the fore-runners of wealth. A superintendent of mines wrote from Stockton, Cal.; "It is money in our pockets to shut down on the sabbath."

Public Morals the Object of Government.

5. Because the moral life of the state will be elevated. The paramount object of government is to promote public morals, according to our Federal Court. Morality is the corner stone of the state. But "where there is no Christian Sabbath there is no Christian morality and without this free institutions cannot long be sustained," said Judge McLean of the Supreme Court of the United States. Years ago the New York Journal of Commerce testified of the Sabbathless workers on the Erie Canal: "Thousands of men and boys become vicious and debased beyond almost any other portion of our population and they have imparted their own characters to the contamination and ruin of other thousands. They furnish one-half of the prisoners of Auburn. This would never have been the case if the Sabbath had been observed on the canals." Ben Franklin asked, "What are the laws without morals?" Let grafters and prosecuting courts and assassins' bullets of San Francisco reply.

The American Sabbath for Americans.

6. Because two hundred and fifty thousand Christian citizens in the state and thrice as many more morally inclined desire such a law. Jews do not oppose the customs of the nation they adopt as their own. There is a strong movement in their church in favor of changing their Sabbath to Sunday. None but Seventh-day Adventists, under the garb of "Liberty Association" of Washington, D. C., and of Mountain View, Cal., who are only 6,000 out of 2,000,000 population, are fighting the proposed law, although it will protect them in their right to rest and worship on Saturday and work on Sunday. Their object is to uphold a religious dogma, which the state cannot consider. The greatest good to the greatest number would require the legislature to choose that day which has always been the American Sabbath and which is approving by 99 1/2 per cent of the population. This is not a religious statute, but a civil law. We are Americans.

California Business Men Demand It.

7. Because business men demand a weekly rest day. They would sell the same amount of goods in six days with a reduction in running expenses. The right of rest for each demands a law of rest for all. Their close confinement and strenuous life require a day of relaxation to maintain health and vigor of mind. Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister of England, said: "I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week." And Edmund Burke adds: "They who always labor can have no true judgement." The business houses of Canada and England observe Sunday closing and a Saturday or Wednesday half holiday without financial loss. Americans can make a living in as short a time as any other nationality. Prominent Jewish firms

at Madera, San Bernardino, and other California cities; some of the leading druggists of Oakland and Los Angeles, the barbers of Napa, Eureka and Los Angeles, the butchers, bakers and all lines of trade, who have been doing nearly two months of Sunday work each year without any increase of profits, favor our bill. No man wants to work all the time, nor to lose his customers to open competitors. The right of rest for each requires a law of rest for all."

Liquor Dealers Favor Sunday Closing.

8. Because leaders among the liquor men of the country are advocating Sunday closing. The trustees of Modesto enacted a Sunday closing ordinance at the request of the local saloon keepers. Bartenders and the better class of saloonists desire weekly freedom from long hours of confinement, that they many have a day for social enjoyment. They also realize that they must make some concessions to the wave of public sentiment that is demanding their entire suppression. Better, they think, six days of trade than none at all. If the grocery closes, so should the saloon.

The Sabbath the Best Chief of Police.

9. Because crime will be greatly reduced by the Sunday closing of saloons. In New York City, as a result of the Sunday lid, and also in St. Louis and other Missouri cities, the arrests for drunkenness were reduced 40 per cent. In one year St. Louis thus saved \$18,000 in court expenses; 53 per cent of the arrests for drunkenness in Germany are from Saturday night to Monday morning while they were decreased 53 per cent in Ireland by Sunday closing. Edinburgh is policed on Sundays, with closed saloons, by 26 men, but 78 are required on week days. London, twice the size of Paris, requires but one-fourth the number of police. Count Montalembert, an eminent French statesman accounts for the difference by the Sunday-keeping habits of London. The moral restraints of quiet Sabbaths are more effective than policemen's clubs. The Sabbath is the chief of police of the world's metropolis. "These are facts which make the plea for Sunday closing simply resistless," said the Daily Telegraph of London. Alcohol is the ring-leader of lawlessness and the swinging doors of Sunday saloons fan the flames of vice and crime.

A Sunday Debauch Makes a Monday Botch.

10. Because thousands of workmen will be in better condition for labor on Monday when they are not on a Sunday drunk. It will be to the advantage of the employer and employee and the families of the wage earners. It is not a fair deal to the employer of labor to have a Monday botch job from Sunday debauch.

Labor Unions Favor Sunday Rest.

11. Because labor unions are demanding a Sunday rest day. The American Federation of Labor adopted this resolution at its national convention. Resolved, That in the opinion of the Federation of Labor there is no necessity for Sunday work. The labor people demand, not as a privilege, but as a right, that they should have the Sabbath for their own use. It was made for man. Said Hon. T. V. Powderly: "I believe in Sunday rest. So do the Knights of Labor." President Samuel Gompers writes: "In my judgment it is not only just and humane, but essential to the progress of our people, the perpetuation of our country, the moral, material and intellectual advancement of all that one day of rest in seven should be the uni-

versal rule. Seven day workers are positively poor workers. The organized workers are constantly engaged in the movement to reduce the hours of labor and that also implies the movement to limit the labor of workers to six days per week, in other words, Sunday rest." The California Federation of Labor in its State convention at San Jose in October, 1908, unanimously adopted these resolutions: "That we favor a six-day week as well as an eight-hour day for labor. That we request the next California legislature to enact an effective statute that will provide a weekly rest day for every laborer, not as a privilege but as a natural right. That this resolution be sent by our secretary to the clerk of both houses of the legislature and also be given to the public press."

Sunday the Working-Man's School Day.

12. Because it is the workman's school day. One day in seven for reading and mental culture would, in fifteen years' time, provide the laboring classes a four years' liberal college education. A despotism may survive amid the ignorance of its subjects, but a republic and self-government demand an education citizenship. Give the sovereign people a weekly-release from their slavish tread-mill of toil and it will tend to dispel that ignorance which is the mother of vice.

The Laborer's Home Day.

13. Because the wives and children of laborers are pleading to have the father at home one day of the week. Family duties require his presence and he needs the refining influence of the home life. The protection of the home is more important than tariff or currency questions, declares President Roosevelt. The purer the home the better the state.

Not Enough Holidays.

14. Because Americans have fewer holidays than any other civilized nation. Man is something more than a beast of burden. His social, intellectual and moral life demand attention. A Sabbath rest will greatly increase the happiness of the people.

Not a Union of Church and State.

15. Because it will promote religious liberty. Every American citizen is entitled to the right of worship. To secure this privilege the founders of our nation came to these shores. But thousands of men and women in California must work on Sundays or lose their jobs. They are compelled to choose between conscience and capital. The proposed bill will simply afford an opportunity for a day of worship to all who desire to spend it in that way. Those who prefer to worship on Saturday may do so with the same freedom and then work on Sunday. This is not discriminating in favor of any sect, for Sunday has always been the American Sabbath. Declared the Supreme Court of California: "Sabbath law leaves a man's religious belief and practices as free as the air he breathes." Neither is it religious legislation, or a union of church and state. Our Federal Supreme Court unanimously concurred in the opinion rendered by Justice Field: "Laws setting aside Sunday as a day of rest are upheld, not from any right of government to legislate for the promotion of religious observances, but from its right to protect all persons from the physical and moral debasement that comes from uninterrupted labor. Such laws have always been deemed beneficial and merciful laws, especially to the poor and dependent, to the laborers in our factories and workshops,

and in the heated rooms of our cities; and their validity has been sustained by the highest courts of the states. Sunday laws have been upheld by 26 State Supreme Courts.

Sunday Bells Are Liberty Bells.

16. Because it will promote civil liberty. Said Joseph Cook: "I am no fanatic, I hope, as to Sunday; but I look abroad over the map of popular freedom in the world, and it does not seem to me accidental that Switzerland, Scotland, England and the United States, the countries which best observe Sunday, constitute almost the entire map of safe popular government." Those Adventists who are raising the cry that Sunday laws are against American liberty are simply making a false pretense, fighting for a religious dogma behind the shield of liberty. All personal rights are null and void at the bar of the public welfare, which is the supreme law. Men are not asking for the liberty to work on Sundays, but to rest on this "couch of toil." These Seventh-day Adventists, who number only about 1000 voters in the entire state, are sending out literature from their publishing house at Mountain View under the deceptive title of "Religious Liberty Association" and bearing the portraits of Washington and Lincoln as opposed to Sunday laws. But at the beginning of the Revolution, Washington issued this general army order: "That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General, in future, excuses them from fatigue duty on Sunday. . . . We can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it with our impiety and folly." And Lincoln's famous army order of 1862, read: "The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity." Webster, Seward, Garfield, Hayes, Grant, McKinley and Roosevelt; and Gladstone, D'Israeli, Shaftsbury, Argyle, Bright and a host of other statesmen defended the British-American Sabbaths. But dive-keepers, gamblers, prize-fighters, prostitutes and deluded Seventh-day Adventists are trying to destroy this American institution, the bulwark of our liberties.

An Attraction to Home Seekers.

17. Because it will make California more attractive to home-seekers from Eastern States. Real estate agents find that one of the chief objections they have to meet is that we have no Sabbath. Thousands have had their moral sense shocked when they first came to this state. Parents have a right to expect the legislature to safeguard their homes with a Sunday law.

Undesirable Citizens Not Wanted.

18. Because it will deter the undesirable class from coming to California. Gamblers, prize fighters, saloon bums and the lawless crowd are drawn here because we have the reputation of being one of the widest open states in the Union, especially on Sundays. It is not the number, but the character of its citizens that makes a state great and prosperous. "The development of character is a more important issue than the revision of the tariff," said Senator Dolliver in his speech at San Francisco.

California Casting Herself Down.

19. Because it is for the public welfare, as proved by all lands and times, and government is instituted for the welfare of its citizens. Wisely spoke John Bright: "The stability and character of our country and the advancement of our race depends, I believe, very largely upon the mode in which the day of rest, which seems to have been especially adapted to the needs of mankind, shall be used and observed." The chief perils of a monarchy are from without; but the only cause of a republic's downfall is inward immorality. Oh, California, do not cast thyself down!

A Sunday Rest Law Is Right.

20. Because, in short, it is right according to the standard of all civilized nations and the command of the eternal Ruler that one day in seven shall be a rest from labor and fellowship with the spiritual in man. As the legislature is subordinate to the Supreme Lawmaker, as taught by Blackstone, so may California's code be made to conform to the eternal law of right that she may not follow the trail of dead and dying nations!

JOTTINGS.

American Heathenism.

Conversing with one of our public School teachers one day I heard this remarkable statement. During an examination in English at my School I happened upon an allusion to the "Prodigal Son" in our Saviour's parable. I asked for volunteers to tell that story. In a School attendance of twenty-four, only one small boy had ever heard of it. Curious to know just how much of Biblical lore there was in the School I mentioned several names prominent in Bible story and was amazed to find that with the exception of that one little lad, all were utterly ignorant. Continuing my exercise I asked them to tell me something about Hercules, Atlas and several other great heroes, and the more advanced pupils answered promptly and correctly."

Another person listening responded from her own knowledge. Within two miles of at least ten churches, a teacher asked her Eighth grade pupils: "Who was Jesus Christ?" There was silence for a minute and then a doubting little maid replied. "I think he was once President of the United States."

For Obvious reasons names and places must not be mentioned in connection with these incidents, but the persons are absolutely reliable and the statements are certainly true. I could take my readers to classes of Chinese and Japanese children in which Hercules and Atlas are unknown, but the question; who was Jesus Christ would get answers prompt and accurate. I have myself seen enough of dense, heathenish ignorance on the part of American children respecting the Bible and the Saviour to make these statements.

What a *reductio ad absurdum* our public school system has reached when such facts appear. The class in the first incident mentioned was studying history with Jesus Christ left out. The play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted is reason itself in comparison. Students of history must not fail to be familiar with the characters and monstrosities of Greek mythology, but so far as our public school instruction is concerned, must know nothing of that wonderful Nazarene in whose teachings and life the highest, grandest, most beneficent stream of progress the world

has even seen, manifestly and confessedly takes its rise! The life that has influenced more lives than any other, and has called out the highest and most intense of human enthusiasms; the secret and soul of the heroic conflicts, which have won for us freedom of thought and speech and release from the tyranny not only of men; but of superstition and ignorance—this life is ignored; this name even is unknown.

Seeing the absurdity of all this a high school teacher in one of our larger cities ventured to introduce to his classes in English Literature a book of extracts from the Bible selected simply with reference to their relation to our general literature. It may be confessed that he hoped thus to bring to his pupils some ethical benefits, but the book was studied simply as an aid in understanding the history of the English language, and the Biblical allusions prevalent everywhere in the works of the highest grade of writers in their own tongue. In that city he was undisturbed in this, but when he accepted a position in a much larger city, and one with far higher pretensions as a literary community, and with the express permission of the Board of Education, introduced this book, a Romish priest was able to raise such an uproar about it, that the Board of Education retreated before it, and the Bible even in that form was thrust out. Yet every body that knows anything whatever that is worth knowing respecting English literature, knows that the Bible is the very "fountain of English undefied," that it is quoted more frequently, alluded to more constantly, enters more fully into both the web and the woof of English literature than any other book,—not to say—as I might say—of all others put together,—every Student of our literature knows this, and yet our children must study branch of learning with this tabooed. Can anything be conceived more absurd?

All over this goodly state of California children are growing up in virtual heathenism. Parents are unconcerned about it. Statesmen make no note of it. Law promotes. But as sure as darkness follows sunset, so surely will liberty and order and the Christian civilization in whose rays we are basking now, go out in darkness, through consciences untaught and debased, through selfishness uncontrolled and cruel, till might makes right again and love perishes again from the earth. W. C. P.

THE KING OF OUR LIVES.

Chas. G. Paterson.

The ancient systems of ethics were built up around the central question, What is the Supreme Good? The epicureans declared it to be found in happiness, the Stoics making it to be the choice of virtue for its own sake, the Peripatetics holding it to consist in the practice of virtue in prosperity. And so-called Christian ethics, from the time of the first work of the kind, that by Ambrose on "Duties," have often not been truly such, but have followed in the steps of the former class, constructing their systems on the framework of heathen philosophy. For a genuinely Christian ideal of life is to be found, not in the answer to the question, What is the supreme good? but in answering this question, Who is the supreme Person? Christianity has introduced us into a sphere where personality is paramount; and the object of a right choice, which shall determine life to the best issues, is not some thing, but some One. The Christian conception of life was not, originally, a philosophical speculation, but a revelation of God's ideal of life

in a person; one whose life has been the light of men.

That person was Jesus Christ. He stands in an unique relation to the society which it was his mission and joy to found among men, and the person of Christ and his social ideal are to be viewed together. What their relationship is, has been concisely stated by Fairbairn thus: "The person may be described as His social ideal embodied and organized for the creation of His society. The ideas He impersonates become the ideals it articulates; in other words, He is the symbol of all it ought to be." Thus the relation of Christ to the Christian character is that of a creative personality, as the originating and sustaining power of a new moral development; or, to use his own metaphor, that of a vine to its branches. Christ is the root, his church the stem, which together produce the leaves of thought, the flowers of art and the fruit of works.

That this has been the case in history is a matter of common knowledge. Indeed, the severest arraignments of the church have been those which have dwelt on the disparity which too often appears between Christ's program and the performance of Christians; and we are told that the gravest heresy of the church has been its comparative failure to interpret the ethical standards and judgments of Jesus. This means, of course, an insistence by the accusers of the church upon two things: the authority of Christ in the moral realm and the duty of men to respond to his call. Positive testimony to the same effect may easily be culled from the writings of such men as John Stuart Mill, who declared that it would not be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life; or Matthew Arnold, who confessed that none of the ways of righteousness that could be conceived, save that of Jesus, could bring you to it. Jesus was the Pyramion who gave life to the beautiful cold statue of Virtue.

Here we are on familiar and pleasant ground; for one of the characteristics of present-day religious thought is a passion, more or less enlightened, for the ethical Christ. Before him halting metaphysics, indifferent agnosticism and blatant infidelity alike bow down. But this ethical Christ is not the real Christ. He cannot be; for "ethical" is not a term of being, but of character; not of reality, but of quality. There cannot be a character, however, apart from a personal spirit. And so, while the ethical Christ is the way by which we most surely and quickly come to the real, ultimate Christ, it ever remains but the way, and is not the end. We must neither mistake nor substitute the Christ of feeling for the Christ of truth. In reply to the oft-repeated charge, that theology, by an unfortunate alliance with metaphysics, has failed to show the relation between Christ and life, it could be said that ethics, apart from metaphysics, can indeed set forth the character of Jesus, but either leaves the person himself an insoluble enigma, or places him in the category of the human only.

The character of Jesus can answer our question, What should we be? But only the person of Christ answers the further question, How can we be? Hence Christ's query, Whom say ye that I am? is so vital. Inasmuch as we are not of the Unitarian faith, we see in the Christ of history the consummation of the self-revelation of God, even God as man. In him we have the Good incarnate, the realization in humanity of the eternal principles of morality. Christmas commemorates not the birth of a greater than Socrates, but of an equal with God. And Christian ethics is rooted in

this Incarnation, and is absolute for the race just because the person of Christ is essential to the absoluteness of his religion. The Christian ideal of life has in Jesus Christ its goal, its sanction and its guarantee; and the unique dignity of the Person makes all the more imperative the peculiar claims of his character. Jesus being who he is, his authority is that of God.

Here we find a message for the present season. We are come, in the providence of God, to the beginning of another of the few years that we have yet to spend in this world. Forgetting the things which are behind, we would press on to the better and best things to be! We desire and hope to live purer, stronger, and more beautiful lives than hitherto, to be more as Jesus was among men and in the sight of God.

Two things are requisite. We must cease regarding life as made up of particular businesses, as merely a consecutive series of events, and look upon it as the consequential flow of one spirit toward an ideal which becomes ever clearer and more attractive. It should be for us the constant weaving of the various threads of experience into a pattern obtained on some mount of vision. Ours must be the Christian's progress: growth in grace, transformation into the likeness of the Savior. And we must crown Jesus as king of our life; enthrone him over all that we are and have; for, as Hudson Taylor says, we do not crown him Lord at all unless we crown him Lord of all. True liberty does not consist in independence of all authority, but in loyal allegiance to the highest authority; and the soul that has found in the living Christ the one whose right it is to rule and control in everything, and has trustfully and thankfully made its Savior to be the Master also, may face the coming year undaunted and undismayed.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR JAN. 17.

Pilgrim's Progress Series. I. Leaving the City of Destruction. (Acts 16:25-34.)

Henry Kendall Booth.

In beginning this new series of topics we are to take up for study one of the greatest Christian classics, one that has passed through numberless editions and been translated into almost all known languages. With Thomas Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi" and Baxter's "Saint's Rest" it constitutes the supreme trilogy of devotional literature, and its influence has been boundless. But to-day it is little read. Its quaint style and archaic language, and especially its stern Puritan theology make "Pilgrim's Progress" seem strangely out of touch with the thought and spirit of our day. And yet it has still a message to speak to us. For if it can but recall us from the soft creeds and superficial thinking of this age to some appreciation of that earnest and sober time when salvation was a matter of all-engrossing interest, when the catchwords of technical theology were truths for which men died, and to some approximation to that serious temper toward religion, it can yet be of real value to our day. It is a wise procedure to turn the thoughts of the Christian Endeavor world to those high themes with which "Pilgrim's Progress" is concerned, and this series of studies of the book should prove of real value to us all, of far more value than the consideration of the many superficial themes with which last year's list of C. E. topics was all too heavily overloaded. And as the first preliminary to this study, let each Christian Endeavorer procure for himself a copy of the book.

"Pilgrim's Progress" is to so large an extent autobiographic and so largely a product of its age that no adequate

understanding of the book is possible without some knowledge of the author and of his times. In the peculiar environment of the English of his day John Bunyan passed through certain religious experiences which are mirrored in this book, and the Pilgrim is John Bunyan himself. So this first study of the series had best be devoted by the leader to Bunyan and his times.

John Bunyan was born in 1628, entering upon life in that period of English history known as the Puritan Revolution. The first two Stewarts, James I and Charles I, by their persecutions of the English Puritans brought about a revolution and the Civil War of 1642 in which Cromwell led the Puritan forces to victory, beheaded Charles, established the Commonwealth and became its Protector. For a time under Cromwell's rule Puritans were exempt from persecution. But his rule was brief. He died in 1657, and in 1660 the Stuarts were restored to power with Charles II on the throne. The Established Church was reinstated driving out of their pulpits the Puritan ministers was but the first of a long series of enactments against Puritanism which was only ended by the Act of Toleration of 1689.

During these troublous times religious controversy and war, when feeling ran high and religious excitement was intense, Bunyan lived and wrote. The son of a tinker he followed his father's profession. He was a man of little education, but therefore the better fitted to voice the thoughts and desires of the common people of his day. His early life was rough and wild. In 1644 during the Civil War he fought on the side of Cromwell in the army. At the close of the war he married a simple, godly girl who did much to change his life and habits. His long spiritual struggle is portrayed in "Pilgrim's Progress" and in an even more detailed and personal form in his "Grace Abounding." It is the story of the struggle of an earnest, simple nature, gifted with poetic powers and vivid imagination, to find God and His peace amid the conflicting ideas and stern conceptions of his day. He finally joined the Baptist Independents and became a traveling preacher in 1655, attracting great audiences by his eloquence. The Restoration began the Puritan persecutions and Bunyan was thrown into prison where he remained for twelve years. It was in this Bedford jail that he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress." It is an allegory of the Christian life, based on his own experience. Released in 1672, he continued to preach at Bedford until his death in 1688.

The leader of the meeting might assign a few suggested topics for reading and report.

1. The Puritan Revolution.
2. The Puritan Theology of Bunyan's Day.
3. The Purpose of "Pilgrim's Progress" as Revealed in Bunyan's Introduction.
4. The Use of Allegory in the Bible.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Among the New Year cards that have found their way to the office of The Pacific is one by the Rev. A. W. Palmer, sending greeting to the members and friends of Plymouth Church, Oakland. The motto which he has chosen for the church for 1909 is, "I will lift up mine eyes with the hills."

The Sunnyvale Church began the first of the year, the publication of a monthly bulletin called the "Church Visitor." In it Mr. Cherington, the pastor, makes mention of the improvements on the building, which all in all equips the church for full and active work, and remarks in that con-

nection: But this is only the husk of the nut. The building does not make the church. It simply makes possible a greater work. And work is only the channel through which we hope to develop a deep spiritual life, and direct a wholesome civic life in our growing town. This is our opportunity. Let us lay hold of it. The kernel of our church life is to exalt the inner life of man. The work of the church is to lay deep the foundations of the walls of the Kingdom of God, to fan into a living flame the small spark of holy living in the heart of some weak, stumbling son of man, or to arouse some careless or indifferent soul to active spiritual life."

MONDAY MINISTERS' MEETING.

Last Monday ministers' meeting was given to reports from the churches and prayer. Rev. A. W. Palmer, the president, proposed that, amplifying the customary rooseate reports, a statement of problems, obstacles and discouragement be included to the end that a more intelligent sympathy might develop among the brethren.

Rev. Burton M. Palmer has seen seven churches of as many denominations enter the parish which was his alone when he came to Fruitvale five years ago, among them some who have no conscience against proselyting from the very pews of our church. Conditions demand that our Fruitvale church be housed more adequately and the month will be given to a diligent canvass in the effort to raise the balance necessary to complete the church for which plans have been adopted.

Rev. E. L. Walz of Green St., San Francisco, laments the removal since 1906 of so many members. The roll must now be purged of some 75, whose return since the great fire has been looked for, but in vain. Notwithstanding a serious net loss of workers, the faithfulness and heroism of the members is responsible for the prompt payment of running expenses, although larger than formerly.

Twelve cheap theaters flaunt their seductions on every hand in the near vicinity, among them a \$100,000 vaudeville, where children may sit for two hours for a nickel. After successfully resisting their efforts for many months, at last Mr. Walz's people have been compelled to see a cheap theatre and a dance hall start daily and nightly business within five feet of the church. The campaign for money with which to finish the building is still on, and more urgent, as the time limit of a conditional gift of \$5,000 draws on.

In contrast with these conditions in the Green Street Church, Rev. Harry R. Miles of Berkeley First, reported their problem was less one of finance. The problem is to get First church to work, to elaborate the tasks and fit the people to them. Mr. Miles expresses great pleasure in the growing acquaintance with his people and his work.

Rev. Francis M. Price of Park Church, Berkeley, reports a very shifting constituency. There have recently come a family from Connecticut, one from Massachusetts, one from New Jersey, one from Michigan, etc., among them individuals of marked gifts and culture. But so many go away as to keep the sense of loss poignant. The project of a new building, for which a new lot is purchased, has the loyal endorsement of the entire church. To this end they are busily working, but have set no time for building.

Mr. Wikoff of the Church Building Society observes good times among our churches; the feeling of success and improvement is with them in so many cases as to admit of the generalization. The work of the Sunday-school and of

the Home Misisonary departments having been brought to fruition, it is a pity our denomination should be unable to meet the urgent need in smaller churches for help in building,—that \$100,000, for instance, should be requested by churches and denied for perhaps six months for lack of funds.

Rev. Joseph Rowell, "Father Rowell," the chairman called him in honor, testified that only the abundant grace of God could keep him from complaining and discouragement since the loss by fire of the Mariners' Church and of his regular ministry. Recent correspondence brings hope that a new building will rise upon the site of his long years of gospel labors.

Supt. Rathbone reported last Sunday's joyful dedication by the Lodi Church of a new, beautiful and excellently appointed edifice, and recounted briefly how through the years of small things this church had grown steadily to strength and well-rounded ministry. Mr. Rathbone, from both a general impression and a detailed knowledge of our church work throughout Northern California, declares that good progress in numbers and efficiency justifies a spirit of thankfulness and rejoicing.

Prayer was offered by Prof. Buckham, Mr. Rathbone, Prof. Castor and Mr. Cooke.

Standing committees for the new term are: Program, Messrs. Patterson, Castor and Hitchcock; Membership, Messrs. Adams, Price and Yarrow.

Next Monday the Rev. Harry R. Miles will give a paper on The Mission and Work Assumed by the Early Church.

M.B.F.

Among the Churches

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Considerable church news was lost this week by the printers, getting mixed up with refuse matter and burned. Friends who sent it in will do us a favor by duplicating it at once.—Editor.

California.

North Berkeley.—Five were received by letter at the twilight communion of Jan. 3.

Berkeley, First.—Thirteen persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday.

Washington.

Seattle.—Superintendent Scudder will leave in a few days to attend the annual meeting of the H. M. S. Directors and Superintendents in Cleveland. Mrs. Scudder will accompany him. Visits will be made to relatives in the East, the journey occupying nearly a month. Seattle sends an invitation to the society to hold its annual meeting in Seattle in 1909 during the A. Y. P. E.

Eastern Washington.—Mr. Nellor has gone from Genesee, Idaho, to Rosalia, Wash., and will also look after the new work at Malden on the C. M. and St. P. R. R., Mr. Anderson is building at Washtucna. The enlarged and remodelled Westminster, Spokane, was rededicated Dec. 13. Six or eight of the Spokane pastors were present and remarks were made by the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian ministers. The greetings of the Congregational Churches of the city were conveyed by Mr. Pritchard, pastor of the Corbin Park Church, Spokane. Superintendent Scudder also took part. Owing to ill-health Mr. Black-

well has been compelled to resign, for the time Mr. Pritchard will add the Westside church to his Corbin Park parish. Mr. Winey resigned at Stevenson and Mr. Evans at Springdale, Long Prairie and Loon Lake. Lewiston has called Rev. C. W. Clowe of the Reformed Church from Mason, Ill., for three months with a view to permanency.

Seattle.—Dr. Strong has been preaching a series of "Double Barrelled Sermons" lately that have attracted the notice of the press. The sermons were to Mothers and Daughters, to Fathers and Sons, to Sisters and Brothers, Husbands and Wives, Teachers and Pupils, etc. Many friends of Dr. Strong have been gladdened by the gift from him of his booklet, "The Cradle Child." This has already been reviewed in *The Pacific*. Unfortunately it is not for sale, but was printed just for the kindly purpose of sending to friends. Many have expressed the hope that this beautiful and helpful Christmas brochure may before another year be issued for sale. Dr. Strong's daughter, Miss Anna Louise Strong, Ph.D., has written a play entitled "The King's Palace," revealing a deep insight into the nature of the idealist. The book is printed in dark blue with marginal designs in pale blue and is bound in blue and gold. The illustrations are by Miss Margaret Josenhans, a parishoner of Dr. Strong's.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The citizens of Forest Grove, Washington county, Oregon, are determined that the outside world shall be made acquainted with the fact that that beautiful, and thriving little city is on the map; and President William N. Ferrin has made up his mind that Pacific University shall be recognized as a highly important part of Forest Grove. To carry out his purpose, a banquet was prepared under the auspices of the college authorities on Tuesday evening, December 15th, at Herrick Hall, and it was attended by eighty of the prominent men of Forest Grove and vicinity. The University Male Quartette and College Band provided excellent music. The enthusiasm of President Ferrin, who acted as toastmaster, was contagious, and the entire company united as one man in the expression of an ardent desire for a greater Pacific University, and hence a greater Forest Grove; "for, as one of the speakers said, 'The best asset of Forest Grove is Pacific University.'" In President Ferrin's remarks special emphasis was given to the need of a boys' dormitory, gymnasium and library building, and he said that the gymnasium ought to be built at once, the cost of which would be about \$15,000, of which \$3,200 is already on hand. The spirit of the meeting was highly encouraging, and it is believed that the time is ripe for a distinctively forward movement in all that tends to aid Pacific University to continue to keep in the front rank among the educational institutions of the Pacific Coast.

At a meeting of the Congregational Ministerial Association of Portland and vicinity, held on the 14th of December, after general discussion, it was unanimously decided that, under existing circumstances, with two of the Portland Churches in the midst of building projects which could not be completed by July of 1909, it would be best to postpone the triennial meeting of the Pacific Coast Congregation Congress, which was appointed for Portland at Los Angeles in May, 1906, to a suitable time—probably

July 1910. Two additional reasons having much force were considered as having a vital relation to the decision arrived at by the Ministerial Association, viz., (1) The delay of a year would enable Dr. Dyott, of the First Church, upon whom the greater responsibility for the success of the Congress will fall, to plan more wisely than he can possibly do at the present time, as he is just entering the second year of a very successful pastorate; and (2) the important fact that the General Convention or Council of the Baptist Churches of the United States is appointed to meet in Portland next year. And that meeting will tax the hospitality of the people of the city in general about as much as it should be taxed for the month of July, that being considered the best month for the Congress, particularly when the convenience of the California brethren is taken into account, many of whom, it is believed, would prefer to attend in that month than at an earlier date. Dr. Dyott's plan will be, as chairman of the general committee of arrangements and programme to at once, by correspondence and otherwise, begin to plan for the meeting in 1910, in order that a large number of the most effective Christian workers in the Congregational fellowship may appear upon the programme, with the prayer that great spiritual results will follow the meeting of the Congress.

Sunnyside Congregational Church, east side, Portland, organized in 1892, held its annual meeting last Tuesday evening. "Enthusiasm," was the key-note of the meeting. If that was true in every church meeting, it would be evident, to some extent, at least, that the millenium was not so far in the future as it now appears to be. Rev. John L. Staub, an alumnus of Pacific Theological Seminary, if I am not in error,—he was a student of theology there, at any rate—was the first pastor; and he is still in the harness in the same church, indicates that he has "staying qualities" of no mean order. And the best of it is, his congregation, with absolute unanimity, want him to keep on staying. Mr. Staub is nothing if not enthusiastic. That begets the same spirit in his membership, and in turn, the parish. The additions to the membership during the past year were fifty-one. All financial obligations have been met without delay. A Men's League of ninety members has done excellent work. The Ladies' Aid Society has collected \$725.00 during the past year. The Sunday-School is well attended, and is doing excellent work in all departments. Following the meeting a luncheon was given, and the following toasts responded to: "Our Famous Ladies' Aid," "The Sunday School as a Recruiting Station;" "The Splendid Spirit of Our Choir," "The Influence of the Church in the Community;" "How Sociability Works in Our Church;" "The Men's League as a Factor in Church Life;" "The Partnership of Seventeen Years." All exceedingly live topics, and vitally important in the successful conduct of a church.

On the first of April last a "Woman's Auxiliary" to the Police Department of the city was created, and an earnest and devoted Christian woman was appointed superintendent. Up to December 23d, 488 young women and girls have been brought directly under the care of the superintendent. This department was organized to prevent young women from going astray, and hence to investigate all places where girls are employed in questionable pursuits. Altogether

365 places have been investigated and 43 of these listed as "pitfalls" for girls. The superintendent has had 918 "heart-to-heart talks with girls, and been the recipient of many sad experiences. Sixty-two sick girls have been cared for; 31 visits by physicians; 10 ambulance cases; and 40 cases where transportation has been provided to induce girls to return home; and lastly, 482 meals and 119 lodgings furnished to girls who were out of employment and stranded, and 900 letters have been written in connection with this work.

During the past week I had the pleasure of an interview with Rev. Chauncey O. Hosford, a pioneer minister of the M. E. Church, who came across the plains to Oregon, with ox teams, in 1845. He was licensed to preach, or rather, licensed as an exhorter, in 1846. On the third Monday in October, 1847, in obedience to a request by Rev. William Roberts, then Superintendent of the "Oregon and California Mission Conference," he rode from Oregon City to a small hamlet called Portland, on horseback, along a crooked Indian trail, for the purpose of ascertaining whether a religious service of some kind would be acceptable to the little handful of people there. Mr. Hosford was given an unexpectedly kind reception, consequently he visited every house (log cabin) in the village,—fourteen all told—praying with the occupants therein—there were only six families, the remainder were bachelors—and invited all to a service in a log cooper shop at "early candle-lighting." This led Mr. Hosford to make an appointment for Mr. Roberts on the second Sunday following. And these were the two first religious services in Portland.

In August, 1848, Mr. Hosford and Col. W. W. Chapman, the latter having been the first delegate to Congress from Iowa in 1846 and a pioneer to Oregon in 1847, both being acquaintances of James W. Marshall, who came to Oregon in 1844, and the discoverer of gold near Sacramento January 24, 1848—went to "Hangtown," now Placerville, and took mining claims. Both worked on their claims about two months, averaging \$100 a week, and Mr. Hosford preached to the miners on each Sunday. The claims giving out, they went to San Francisco, arriving there on the last day of October. The first Sunday following Mr. Hosford preached in "West's Boarding House," and the Sunday following he organized a class of thirteen, of which Aquilla Glover was appointed leader. This was the first class organized in California, it is believed, and the religious services by Mr. Hosford were the first, also, and he continued to preach in San Francisco for six months. He has a vivid recollection of the arrival at San Francisco of Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, from Sandwich Islands, about the first of November, 1848, he thinks; and the next Sunday following his arrival Mr. Hunt conducted the first communion service, Mr. Hosford not being authorized to perform that sacred duty as he was not then an ordained minister.

The Albany (Presbyterian) College is endeavoring to add \$50,000 to its endowment fund. To that end the city of Albany has raised \$10,000, and President Crooks expects to be able to raise \$15,000 more through friends of the College before May 1st. In that event, the National Board of the Presbyterian Church will give \$25,000, thus making up the required sum.

A few months ago Mr. A. E. Eaton, a prosperous far-

mer and stockraiser in Grande Ronde Valley, Union county, Oregon, who came from New Hampshire to this State in 1862, having barely enough resources to get here, gave Willamette University, Salem (Methodist), \$50,000 with which to erect a building to serve as the permanent home of the College of Liberal Arts. The contract was let a short time since, and work commenced, and the cornerstone was laid about two weeks ago. The structure will be 60 x 160 feet, three stories high and will be built of red pressed brick, trimmed with stone.

Dr. Dyott, of the Portland First Church, has arranged to give a practical series of "Heart-to-Heart-Talks" during the month of January, as follows: 3d—"The power of Purity and Purpose; 10th—"The Problem of Persons in Hard Places;" 17th—"The Problem of Suffering in the Plan of Life;" 24th—"The Mystery and Meaning of Life's Struggles;" 31—"Power and Progress."

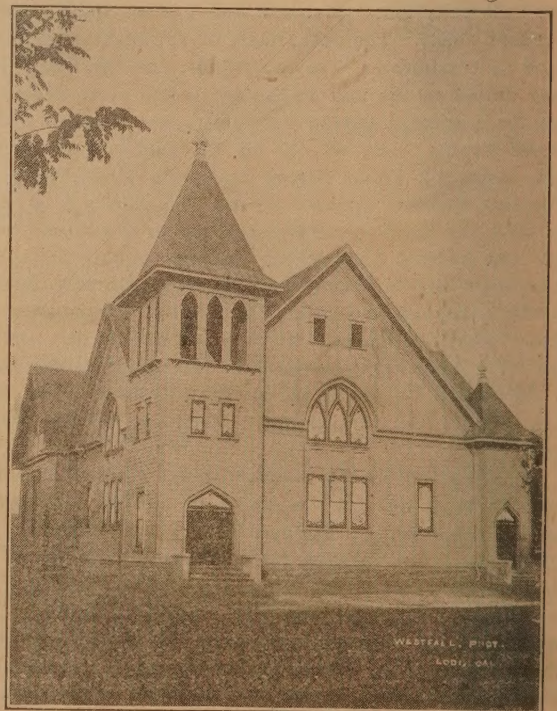
The communion service in the First Church this morning was most impressive. Dr. Dyott's method in conducting this service is exceedingly simple, as befits the occasion, and not only so it creates in the thoughtful person, a worshipful spirit, even though he may not be a communicant. Seventeen new members were added to the church at this service, three on confession and fourteen by letter.

The city of The Dalles will soon have a Carnegie Library. A lot costly \$3,500 has been secured and \$10,000 raised by citizens, as a condition precedent has been secured. The construction of the building will soon begin.

Portland, January 3, 1909.

DEDICATION AT LODI.

Sunday was a great day with the Lodi church. Then they dedicated the beautiful, commodious and convenient new church. The history of the church at Lodi has not



been long as the years go. Founded in 1872, reorganized in 1878, it struggled along for years, aided by the different denominational societies. Some years since it began to grow. The growth of the town and the surrounding country during these past few years has been remarkable. The growth of the church, owing to the faithful services of successive pastors, and the loyal support of a devoted people has more than kept pace with the growth of the town and two years ago under the leadership of their pastor, Rev. F. M. Washburn, a move was made to erect a new building. In that year \$6,000 was subscribed to the enterprise. This was not enough, so the next year the congregation gave nearly \$3,000 more. At the dedication Sunday they pledged an additional \$1,500. A wonderful record for this church. The most wonderful part of it is that during these same years the membership of the church has increased from 109 to 240, the Sunday-school from 137 to 280, the Endeavor societies have kept pace, as have the congregations. The new church, costing all told \$14,000, was dedicated free from debt except that owing to the Church Building society. Dr. McLean preached the sermon from the text, "Jacob's Well Was There." A sermon worthy of the man and the occasion. The dedicatory prayer was offered by pastor and people. Mrs. Washburn, who is also an ordained minister, led in prayer during the morning service.

A feature worthy of note was that of the nine or ten pastors they have had in that church five responded to their names at this service. In the evening there were reminiscences from the early days read from the current papers of the day by Mrs. Washburn. By earlier pastors, Revs. J. W. Brier, D. Goodsell, Geo. H. DeKay and the present pastor. The greetings from the state were borne to the church by Supt. Rathbone. The music of the day deserves mention as particularly attractive and helpful. The Pacific congratulates the Lodi church and pastor upon the completion of the worthy enterprise.



THE HARPERS' HAPPY LOT.

By Cora S. Day.

"I have bought a lot," announced William, taking his place at the dinner-table with the air of one who says: "I have conquered the world."

Addie pretended stupidity, while her twinkling eyes betrayed her.

"A lot of what," she asked innocently, as she passed the bread.

"A lot of ground," explained William painstakingly, pretending to be very patient with her. As if they had not talked buying a lot so long that Mrs. Williams laughingly declared she believed not a word of the planning that went on about the lot, and the house that was going to be built upon it.

"A lot of ground," William repeated. "Not such a great quantity as the words might lead you to think; only seventy-five feet one way, and a hundred and fifty the other. But they call it a lot, to make you think that you are getting your money's worth, I suppose," and he laughed after the mock-serious explanation.

"Now, whatever did you go and buy it for, without

letting me know and seeing of it suited us all," demanded Addie, more than half serious now. For down in her trim little boots she very much feared that William had invested in something which would not be the very ideal spot they had been looking for so long.

"It is on Elm avenue"—began William, to be interrupted by an eager exclamation of pleasure from his sister. "One of the three open lots on that fine street. We have so often looked at them, ad longed for them, or one of them, individually and collectively, that I felt sure I could make no mistake in snapping up the chance when it offered."

"But they were not for sale," began Addie in a puzzled tone. "They have been tied up for years in some tangle over the old Barnes estate, and could not be sold—or we and others would have been glad to buy them long ago. How did you manage it?"

"The tangle has untangled itself; one of the minor heirs has come of age, and things have come round so that the lots could be put on the market. They were put into the hands of our real estate firm for sale,—and I bought one as soon as I heard it, you may be sure. I was not a minute too soon, either. Others have had their eyes on those lots as well as the Harper family; when I heard the news, and spoke for one, Mr. Griggs said he had just sold the other two to a gentleman from somewhere, I forget the name of the place."

"Which one did you get?" Addie tried to ask the question calmly, but her voice trembled a little in spite of her effort to steady it. For she knew the situation of those lots so perfectly—and hoped and feared so much from William's reply.

"I had to take the only one left—and it is number seven," he answered, with an attempt to speak calmly, too. He knew how much Addie was counting on his answer; and he knew how much she wanted it to be different.

"Not number nine? Oh, Will, if only you had heard about them in time to get that one instead?," she said impulsively. Then, as she saw his face cloud a little at her reply—the face that had been so bright with happiness over his purchase,—she changed her tone, and spoke more approvingly.

"Oh well, it will only be one house away from the Hargeits, after all. It would have been lovely to have the lot next to their place, and be right next door. But we will have our long-wished wish, and be on that beautiful street, and so near the nicest friends we have that we can just peep round the house in between, and see them," she laughed. William's face brightened again with her approval, and he went on describing at great length the house that they would build in the spring, just as soon as the ground could be broken for it.

"I wish we could start it right now, and have it well under way before real cold weather, this fall," he said wistfully. "But I had to pay cash for the lot, and it was not cheap. So the house will have to wait a bit, I guess, until the family exchequer recovers, a little from the shock of getting that bit of ground in my own name before some other lot-seeker stole it away from us."

"Indeed, I am so glad—more and more glad, as I get hold of the idea more firmly—that you have made that much progress in the matter," said Addie delightedly, and their mother agreed with them that it was a good move, and a splendid bargain for them.

The next day they all went round and took a good look

at their possession, lot number seven, on Elm avenue. They called on their dear friends, the Hargeihts, also, and they all rejoiced together over the purchase, and dropped a little bit of a word of regret that they had not secured lot number nine, as Addie had hoped, so they might be next-door neighbors as well as life-long friends.

"I am both sorry and glad that you are not going to build this fall, after all," said Mrs Hargeiht to Mrs Harper. "For I want to see the work going on, from the very first shovel full of earth thrown out of the cellar; and I am going away next week to spend several weeks with my sister. Madge and I have been promising them that we would come for this visit for a long time; and now we really think we are going to get off. Mr. Hargeiht and Tom will go round and stay with Aunt Helen while we are away, so that they will not lose all the comforts of home."

"Well, I should like to get the house built, and get settled in it, as soon as possible, of course. But as long as we have to wait a few more months, I am glad that you will be home to help us plan just how we want everything, and to see it all take shape," replied Mrs. Harper.

After that first delightful survey of the new possession with the proud eyes of ownership, the Harpers did not see their lot again for over a week. William was busy at the office; and Addie and her mother found their days full to the brim with various duties and pleasures. William announced that he had learned at the office that the purchaser of the other lots two lost was a rich man who intended to put up a fine summer house on them.

"Well, I am glad we will have a nice house next to our own," said Addie complacently. "We would not want any mean little shack built there, right alongside of us," and then her sense of humor responded to Will's shout of laughter at what he dubbed the millionaire tone, and she laughed with him.

"It is hardly likely that any one would pay the price of two of those precious lots, for a place to build a shack," he said between laughs.

"I had not thought of that," confessed Addie frankly.

When more than a week passed since lot number seven had come into possession of the delighted Harper family, William bethought him one fine day he would take a stroll round Elm avenue way during his lunch hour and see how things looked. Incidentally, he was anxious to see if his rich neighbor to be was doing anything to his two lots.

He turned the corner of Main street and into Elm avenue with a quick step, his face alight with pleasurable anticipation. Then he stopped short with a gasp of astonishment. Down the street ahead of him, just beyond the last house before the three open lots were reached, he saw something that almost took his breath away. For his lot was number seven, the first one from that end of the street—and workmen were swarming over it thick as bees—over his lot and the one next to it, number eight.

After the first involuntary pause he strode forward with sudden energy. Plainly something was going on that he had not heard about; men were digging a cellar, others were hauling brick, stone, lumber, all sorts of building material. And that cellar was being dug half on lot number seven, half on number eight.

He spoke to the first man he came to evidently one in authority over the men whose dinner hour, beginning at twelve instead of at one, as that of William did, had gone back to their various tasks vigorously. "See here,

what are you people doing on my lot?" demanded William.

The boss looked up with a twinkle in his Irish eyes, for what he evidently took as a joke. -

"Oh, sure and we're building you a palace,—that's what we are at," he replied, and shouted lusty directions to a man in the hole that was to be a cellar.

William flushed with anger. It was no joke to him that these men were trespassing on his precious lot in this way. It—why, it must surely be a mistake, somehow. He tried again.

"You are digging that cellar half on a lot that belongs to me." He spoke in a tone that convinced the man of his seriousness. The twinkle faded, and in its place came a sudden look of dismay.

"But I was told to dig it in the middle of lots eight and nine,—and here they are." He waved his hand over lots seven and eight. William shook his head, and glanced up and down the street in perplexity as to how the mistake could have been made. Then, all at once, he knew.

"Which end did you count from?" he asked. The man waved his hand again, up the street—and the riddle was solved.

"You started in at the wrong end to count," William said as the light broke in upon him. "There are fifteen lots in this block—and you are working on seven and eight, counting from the right end. This lot," putting his foot on the edge of seven, "is nine. Those two," with a wave as dramatic as the other man's had been, "are eight and nine. The ones you are supposed to be digging that cellar in."

The face of the boss was a study in dismay. He glanced from the half-dug cellar to the spot where it ought to be; from lot seven to lot nine, hopelessly out of his calculations. He thought of the waste of time and labor, and of the possible wrath of the man who had so impressed him with the importance of putting the work through before cold weather. And last of all his eyes sought the face of the man who claimed number seven.

"Well," he said, slowly and deliberately, and in spite of his dismay that twinkle shone out again, "all that I see for you to do, young man, is to trade lots with the man who owns this cellar."

William looked at him doubtful whether to be most amused or angry at his cool attempt to solve the problem he had created by his blunder. Then, suddenly, there rang in the ears of the young man the words of his sister. "Not number nine? Oh, William, if you had only heard about them in time to get that one instead."

What if—he turned to the man who stood waiting for his answer, and thinking hard for a way out of the difficulty.

"I'm willing, if he is," he said. "Suppose you call him up on the nearest wire, and find out?"

The man grasped at the straw eagerly. There was the chance that his employer would refuse to consider the proposition at all; that he would discharge the whole gang of workmen, boss and all, and insist upon having his work done by one who would not make a mistake, even such a natural and easily made one as this. But it was a chance too for an easy righting of the whole thing, without loss of time or work already done. He took the young owner of lot seven by the arm, and hurried him off to the nearest drug store, where they were soon in communication with the owner of lots eight and nine.

It was not decided in a minute. The man at the other end of the wire was inclined to be angry, and suspicious that it was a scheme to impose an inferior lot upon him

for one of those he had purchased. He insisted upon a personal inspection of the ground before he would consider the proposition. But when he came down, the next day, and found that by the mistake he had a lot just a little nearer the corner, in what was to his mind a little better location even than the one on the other side which he had selected, he consented, with many "hems" and "hums" to the trade—and William went home jubilantly to tell Addie and his mother that they were going to be next-door neighbors to the Hargeihts after all.

"I shall call it the Harpers' happy lot," Addie said gleefully. "It seems too good to be true—or no, that is arhdlyy fair to good things; I am going to change the old phrase to say: good enough to be true. I am so glad that man made the mistake and made this possible. We never would have dared to hope for such a thing any other way. And he is as well or better pleased, you say? Well, that was an ill wind that blew good to us all round, wasn't it? I know that we will appreciate our lot and our next to our friends' home even more, after this, than we should have done if we had been able to buy the right lot in the first place."

"I suppose so," smiled her mother. "For we usually do appreciate most happy lots that come to us through a bit of difficulty."

"I suppose that is what difficulties are mostly good for," commented Addie, her happy eyes full of visions of the happy times to come on the Harpers' happy lot.

Young People

THE TWO PIGS

Henry had a whole bunch of bananas, a hundred of them all for himself. The captain of the Henrietta gave them to him the day the ship came in when he and his father went down to ask after the cargo, for his father owned the big boat. Captain laughed a tremendous laugh when Henry put his arms around the big bunch and asked estatically, "All for me?" "All for you," he replied. "Eat them all up before I come back, and you shall have another." And Henry said, "Yes, sir; I'll try, sir," and did not even wonder why the captain and his father laughed harder than ever.

The bananas were hung in the cellar to ripen, and every day Henry went down to look at them and pinch them to hurry them up. At last two turned yellow, and he joyfully brought them upstairs.

"But you must promise not to eat more than three a day, or else it will have to be my bunch of bananas," his mothers said.

"Oh, no!" Henry exclaimed. "It is my bunch; all my own, the captain said, and nobody can pick them but me!"

"Well," his mother replied, "then remember, only three a day."

They turned yellow very slowly; there never seemed to be more than enough for Henry. Every morning he went down into the cellar and came up with one, and ate it for his breakfast, and then two more somehow turned ripe enough to eat later on, but only one was ready in the morning. Sometimes James, his big brother, would look at Henry as he ate it, and say, sighing heavily:

"I am exceedingly fond of fruit myself. Don't you think

if I went down cellar I would be able to find one more banana that is fit to eat? How many are there left on the stalk? What, only eighty-five? Well, if that is all, I would not think of robbing you; still—"

"When they begin to ripen faster, I am sure he will want to divide with us all," said his mother encouragingly, but Henry looked silently down into his plate. He was very fond of bananas.

Mr. Henderson's pig, Jacob, lived just over the fence at the bottom of the garden. Such a clean, fat, cheerful pig as he was! Henry loved to lean over the pickets and poke his sides with a stick and feed him the little green wormy apples no one else cared to eat. One day it occurred to him to wonder whether pigs liked bananas, so he broke off a pience from one he was eating and passed it over the fence, and Jacob seized it eagerly and grunted with delight.

"If I had more than three a day I'd give you a whole one," said Henry, "but three a day is such a few." Jacob listened with his head on one side and looked hungry.

The bananas began to ripen fast now; Henry did not have to pinch them to make them soft, and he worried a little for fear more than three a day would be ready to eat. Once his mother went down and saw how yellow the bunch was turning, and asked: "Don't you want to pick off enough for every one for breakfast to-morrow? You have so many, you know, and they will surely spoil." Henry looked serious.

"But Captain Hicks gave them all to me," he said. "He wanted me to get eat them all myself; I don't believe he'd like it if I gave any away."

His mother was very sober. "You surely do not mean that you are going to eat them all yourself," Henry looked doubtfully at her.

"I'll give you one," he said, after a minute. He walked over to the bunch and examined it. There was a small brown banana tucked in between two others. His mother had said she liked them thoroughly ripe, so he picked one off and gave it to her. She turned it over silently and looked at it. Henry felt a little hot. "Thank you," she said at last; "it's kind of you to give me the very nicest one." Then she went upstairs. Presently Henry went out to talk it over with Jacob.

"They all think I am selfish," he whispered, "but I'm not at all. It's only that the captain would be angry if I gave them away when he said they were for me. Besides there aren't very many left, not more than sixty or seventy, and they would not last any time at all if I gave papa and mamma and James and Bridget one apiece every little while." Jacob looked sympathetic. Henry talked to him a long time and felt better; then he fed him the green apples lying on the grass until he was tired picking them up. "You're an old greedy," he said at last. "You're a regular—pig!" Then he laughed and turned to speak to Bridget, who was coming toward him.

"Ah, now," she said coaxingly, "I want you to give me a few of those fine bananas of yours for supper, for my apple sauce is all burned up. Come now, and I'll bake you a cake come Wednesday," Henry shook his head.

"I can't," he said, firmly. "There aren't enough ripe to cut up, and still leave three for me to-morrow. You hadn't ought to have burned up the apple sauce, Bridget."

Bridget went into the house, muttering to herself. There was nothing to eat with the sponge cake at supper, for,

as mother explained, the apple sauce had met with an accident.

"Sliced bananas are not bad," said James, soberly. "Not bad at all; and with eighty—or is it ninety to-day, Henry?—already in the house one would think we might have a few."

His mother shook her head at him, but Henry saw her eyes twinkle, and James had to cough very hard in his napkin to keep from laughing. It was very uncomfortable. But they were going so fast! If only he could have more than three a day! How many times did three go into seventy, anyway? What if they did spoil before all those days were over? If they did it would be all his mother's fault for letting him have so few. He looked resentfully across at her, and slid down from his seat and went down into the cellar.

The bunch was nearly all turned now; there was hardly a green banana to be seen. Some of them were brown all over. He pushed his hands down in his pockets and thought about the matter. Perhaps he would better give away a few. He broke off four of the darkest ones and carried them upstairs. "You can have these for breakfast, Bridget," he said, laying them on the kitchen table. But Bridget was still cross.

"Is it them old black ones you'd be giving me?" she asked, with a toss of her head. "Sure, you can take them out to the pig, then."

Henry's feelings were hurt. He gathered them up, and went outdoors. They were too nice to give to Jacob, but he was afraid to offer them to James or his mother for fear they would think them overripe, too. He had had his three already that day; besides, he didn't want them. He was getting a little tired of bananas. Finally he handed them to a ragged boy that was passing and after looking them over suspiciously the boy threw three away and ate the fourth. Henry's heart swelled painfully as he went into the house.

The next day there was a school picnic, and Henry took the basket Bridget gave him, and then went down for his three bananas. He counted them, and was alarmed; so many left, and all so soft! He was sorry now he had not let the family have some very day. What should he do with them? He could never finish them before they all turned black. If the captain never gave him any more, he would not care. Somehow they had not tasted very good lately. He would tell his mother she might have the rest. He went upstairs slowly.

"Mother," he said, feeling very generous, "I guess you can have all the rest of the bananas to cut up."

His mother smiled. "O, no," she said. "I think you may finish the bunch yourself, but as I am afraid they may spoil before they are eaten of you have only three a day, you may eat six now; six every single day!"

Henry felt a distinct hatred for the bananas. Six a day! He could never, never eat them. He felt sick all over as he thought about it. He turned away without a word. Just as he passed the sitting room door he heard James say:

"The banana cure for greediness seems to be working all right, doesn't it?" and then he laughed.

Henry walked on. He was not sure he understood what James meant but he was afraid he did.

The cellar was to be whitewashed that day, and Bridget brought the tubs and boxes and fruit cans all up on the back porch, and laid the bunch of bananas on the bench. She was very busy, so she never saw Jacob when he crept through a broken rail and stole softly up to the house.

There he found the bananas and with soft grunts of delight he began at one end of the bunch and ate right down to the other end. When Henry came home his mother told him about it, and every single banana was gone; and she was not much surprised when he never said a word.

At supper James asked: "How many bananas left to-day, Henry?"

"Not one," said Henry, eating bread and butter very fast. "The pig ate them all up."

"Really?" asked James with interest. "Which pig?"—Ex.

The higher courts invalidated an indictment against ex Mayor Schmitz because the charge did not state that he was mayor at the time the crime was committed. A jury acquitted a saloon keeper of the charge of offering a bribe because the charge did not state that the man to whom the bribe was offered was a police commissioner. In both cases the crime was proved. In fact neither the appellate court in the case of ex-Mayor Schmitz, nor the jury in the case of the saloon keeper denied for a moment that the crime so alleged was clearly proved. The abuse has become so flagrant as to awaken even the pro-graft newspaper. An effort will be made by the politicians to "cure" the trouble by an act of the legislature. The people will have a chance at the next election, we hope, to put men on the "bench" who will not take pride in being experts in straining out gnats and swallowing dromedaries.

THE ANTI-CIGARETTE LEAGUE.

The Boy Magazine, devoted to the interest of the boy and specially conducting the fight against the cigarette calls attention to the awakening of public sentiment on this vital problem. It informs us that seven States have already made an outlaw of the cigarette. The States which have a place on the Honor Roll are Tennessee, Indiana, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Washington, Arkansas and Oklahoma. The forces are being lined up for a winning fight this year in the legislatures of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and other States. This whole matter is not a little discouraging. One would hardly believe that the human heart was so dark and cruel as to exploit sheer growing lads. The Boy Magazine sizes up the whole matter as follows: "This effort to stop the manufacture and sale of an article that is slowly poisoning to death thousands of mere children is opposed by men who have millions of annual profit at stake. The American Tobacco Company—the Tobacco Trust—with which the government is now dealing, is the cruel and pitiless enemy which is draining the life blood of the nation into the over-full pockets of multi-millionaire stockholders." Not one boy in a hundred is ever cured of this plague. It is not quite so loathsome as leprosy, but it's about as deadly. This matter came forward as a political issue in Colorado and Judge Ben B. Lindsey fought his way through the oppositions of bosses and trusts and won out by a fine majority. The people must take up these matters or the nation will go down in ruins.

THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.

Southern Italy and Sicily have been shaken by a terrific earthquake, one of the most destructive in the history of mankind. It is estimated that 200,000 people have perished. The probability is that the actual number will never be known even approximately. That is certainly true of San Francisco. The actual facts can never be known in a great disaster like this. The people are stunned and scarcely know what has occurred.

GOING ERRANDS.

I started on an errand,
And then that old Jack Frost
He came so fiercely after me
I really 'most got lost.
He gave my face an ugly slap,
And then he nipped my nose;
He pinched my fingers cruelly,
And then he pinched my toes.

He said: "You will be frozen,
You'd better turn right back;
I'll pinch you harder if you don't!"
That mischievous old Jack!
I said: "When I am sent from home
With something I must do,
Just try your very worst with me,
I'll go in spite of you."
—Pearls for the Little Ones.

NO RECOMMENDATION.

"Please, sir, do you want a boy?" It was a low, clear voice, with just the faintest tremor of apprehension in it. He stood of the counting-room, hat in hand, his clothing neat and clean, his attitude waiting and deferential. The long, well-filled counters in the narrow room were lost in deep perspective. Clerks hurried hither and thither. In the rear of the store were heard the sound of hammers and the creaking of the elevator. Though it was but nine o'clock in the morning, and the sun shining brightly outside, it was so gloomy in the storeroom that the gas had to be lighted.

"Do I want a boy?" asked the owner of the store, turning around in his chair and looking sharply over the top of his spectacles. "What can you do?"

"Make myself useful, I hope," replied the boy.

"O, a general utility man!" and Mr. Lansing laughed. "Can you write?"

"I am a graduate of the high school, sir."

"Are you? That speaks well for you. What is your name?"

"Gabriel Winchester."

"Is your father living?"

"He died when I was a child."

Mr. Lansing eyed him more keenly when he said that, and also more kindly.

"I am the only support of my mother," the boy said, his voice husky; "almost the only support. She manages to secure work one day in the week."

The merchant was pleased with the boy's preciseness.

The head bookkeeper, an old gray-haired gentleman with a benign face, had turned from his desk, attracted by the boy's voice and the character of his replies.

"Where were you last employed?" Mr. Lansing asked.

"At the office of the Argus."

"As a compositor?"

"No, but I had expected to be. I was clerk in the office, sir."

Mr. Lansing took off his glasses and wiped them. "Have you any recommendations?" he then asked.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

The lad's lips trembled. "I—was—discharged," came at last, in a faint voice.

"O, that is it, eh?" and Mr. Lansing frowned. "No wonder they gave you no recommendation. It strikes me you do not lack assurance. No, I do not want a boy." He spoke with heedless acrimony, wheeled around in his chair, and resumed his paper. He was a church member, and admired nothing so much as integrity of character. Capacity, reliability and a stainless reputation were three things upon which he insisted in the selection of his employees.

The boy's face fell, and he turned to go; but the bookkeeper made him a sign to wait for a few moments. He had been strangely drawn to the boy.

"Mr. Lansing," the bookkeeper said respectfully, "perhaps it was candor in the boy, and not assurance. Will you allow me to ask him a question?"

"O, a dozen of them," replied Mr. Lansing crustily, not lifting his eyes from his paper.

"Perhaps you should have made one more inquiry," the bookkeeper said. "My lad, why were you discharged?"

"Because I would not work on the Lord's day," came back the reply, steadily and bravely.

"What is that you say?" It was Mr. Lansing who spoke, and in a tone quicker and louder than was usual with him.

"I was discharged because I would not work on the Lord's day," the lad repeated. "They started a Sunday paper in the office last week. The men and boys laughed at me, but I did not care. I could not work on that day, sir." There was a resolute look on his face, and he seemed to grow an inch or two taller.

"No; and you were right," declared Mr. Lansing, in a strong, gratified voice. "Just sit down a minute." His opinion of the boy had entirely changed. He hurriedly left the counting-room. In fifteen minutes he returned. He had been over to the office of the Argus. The boy's story was correct. The proprietor of the paper, a crusty, impatient old gentleman, had nothing to say in the boy's favor, but the editor was pronounced in his praise. "I do want a boy," Mr. Lansing said, as he placed his hand on the petitioner's head. "I believe you will suit me. Come here at this hour tomorrow morning."

A grateful look shone on the boy's face. "Thank you, sir," he said, and then withdrew.

"Mr. Doyle," said Mr. Lansing to the head bookkeeper, "you have taught me a lesson. It is possible for us to come wide of the truth, and do great injustice to another, simply by asking one question too few."—Selected.

"Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way."

The expression of truth is simplicity.—Seneca.

"PUGGIE" AND "THEO."

By G. W. Payne.

"Puggie" was a little dog, a pretty little fellow with bright brown mischievous eyes, and a tail which curled over into a circle, and a face all puckered and wrinkled, and pug-nose as impudent as any intelligent puppy-dog's nose could well be. He was not much more than an over-grown puppy in age and size, and he was just as mischievous as all overgrown puppies, whether dogs or humans, always are.

"Theo" was a bright little chap between three and four years old. He was the only boy in the family, and I'm afraid a bit spoiled. Sometimes he was not as considerate for the feelings of his playmate "Puggie" as he might have been. Little boys sometimes are a bit cruel to their cat and dog pets without just meaning to be so. It was like that with "Theo."

They were playing to gether out on the front veranda. Theo chased Puggie and Puggie chased Theo round an empty flower stand. Sometimes Theo would scramble up the stand and Puggie would tumble backwards when he tried to follow. Puggie got tired and out of breath. He sat for a while looking at Theo, sometimes giving a short bark, but finally trotted off to a shady corner and lay down. Angry at the desertion of his playmate, Theo climbed down.

"If you wont come yourself, I'll make you," he said, at the same time clutching Puggie's curly tail and dragging him hind-end first out to the middle of the floor.

Now, being plucked by the tail hurt Puggie a wee bit, and hurt his temper more. When dogs get bad-tempered they bite. Puggie was too well-trained, and too fond of Theo to really hurt him in this way, but he growled very savagely, and flew round seizing Theo by the trousers.

Nothing like this had ever before happened to Theo. He was so frightened for a moment that he could neither breathe nor speak. But when Puggie, entering into the mischief of the position began to drag him backwards over the floor, poor Theo yelled and struggled to get free. Theo's father was in the next room; when Theo screamed he rushed to the doorway wondering what had happened. As he reached the doorway Theo was dragging Puggie along the floor, for Puggie wouldn't let go, and was shouting, "Oh, Lord make me a good boy! Oh, Lord make me a good boy!"

Poor Theo was in such dread of being gobbled up that he was praying to God for deliverance in the only way he could think of at the moment. But his father said, when telling the incident afterwards, there were many like Theo who begin to pray only after Puggie gets them by the seat of the pants. What he meant was that some people forget their need of the help and blessing of God until some dreadful peril overtakes them. You boys won't be like that, will you?—The Methodist.

HOW THE FEVER WAS CURED.

John and Jenny had a "tattling fever," and really it was the most distressing disease that they had ever had. Instead of being bad for a few days, or even weeks, like the whooping cough or the measles, and then going away, it just stayed right along, and grew worse and worse all the time. Of course, the children were not happy when they had it, and nobody else around them could be happy either, and father and mother tried many remedies, but none of them seemed to do any good, until they thought of the one I am going to tell you about.

When father came home from the office that night mother met him at the door, exclaiming, "Oh, father, what do you think the children did? Jenny broke a saucer and Johnny tore a hole in his coat."

"Such little things to tell father about," whispered Jenny, indignantly, to which John retorted promptly, "No littler than some you told mother about me today," and Jenny had nothing more to say.

At the supper table father remarked: "I rang and rang the bell, but the elevator boy didn't pay any attention."

"The grocery boy left the gate open this morning, and so did the peddler that was here," complained mother.

"There was a big man on the street when I was coming home, and he bumped into me and nearly knocked my hat off," said father.

"John didn't come for nearly ten minutes when I called him for lunch time," said mother, "and Jenny had company and didn't help me any all the afternoon."

And so it went on. No merry talking at supper, no pleasant hour spent together afterward, for if father or mother spoke it was to tattle about somebody. Jenny and John played quietly by themselves, wondering what could be making father and mother talk like that.

Presently John, who was painting with his water-colors, accidentally touched Jenny's dress with his brush. "Oh, mother," she began, and then stopped suddenly.

"Excuse me please," said John.

A few minutes later Jenny happened to touch John's arm, making him make a crooked line. "Mother," he began, "Jenny—" and then he stopped, too.

"Excuse me, please," begged Jenny, and they both laughed.

When father was going upstairs to bed he said to mother, "If we have to keep up this tattling until the children are cured, I hope they will be cured pretty soon, for one evening has been about as much of it as I can stand."

"They're cured now," called a voice from the children's room, and another voice added, "We're tired of it, too, and we'll stop if you will."

"All right, it's a bargain," said father heartily. And everybody rejoiced to be rid of the disagreeable tattling fever.

—Louise M. Oglevee, in S. S. Times.

INWARD PEACE.

There are heartache and heartbreak everywhere, and here is set forth a panacea for the universal heartache of the human race—this is the record which

we find in the inscription. A missionary in Manchuria has recently written a book telling of his experiences and labors in that far-off part of the world for the past thirty years. One fact he mentions which may claim place just here. He says he has found among the Buddhists of that country men who have wandered far and wide, from shrine to shrine, from temple to temple, from sage and priest in one city to sage and priest in other cities, all with one aim—to find rest, to obtain inward peace. They have given away their possessions, inflicted upon themselves severe penances, gone upon weary pilgrimages, secluded themselves in caves in the desert, or in hermit cells in the gloomy and forbidding mountains—all with one hope and purpose, to get rid of their burden of sin, to find something or Somebody, somewhere, who could appease their disquieted consciences, disburden their souls of their load of conscious guilt, strike loose from their spirits the fetters of sin, give to them an assurance of hope and comfort in looking forward beyond the grave, and a power to face death without fear and to live a life of purity and victory here below. Their search has been in vain; they have found at heathen shrine the peace which they sought. But again and again to such longing, forlorn, stricken, and despairing souls has come the message of the gospel, uplifting them, renewing them, bringing them into conscious fellowship with the King. Thus in heathen lands today this proclamation made on the cross is being verified and fulfilled.—Dr. J. B. Young.

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